

The  
Pro + Con  
Artist

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1st edition

Layout assistance by Katie Lapi.

# One Month Without You

It's been one month without you

One month since I heard  
what you said  
about my body  
in the bath

A unicorn is what you'd call me  
a unicorn  
against uniform  
you could conform

When really

I'd rather be a centaur  
I'd rather be a mermaid  
I'd rather be a man  
I'd rather be a martyr  
I'd rather be a mystic  
I'd rather be a prophet  
I'd rather be a healer

Though a unicorn  
is pretty cute





## Buttered Up To Be Burnt

When I am the wind  
That's when I am most free  
From thoughts of why how over time  
You choose to contact me

Not always transparent  
Impossible to see  
You don't care where I've come from  
Or where I'm meant to be

When I am an arbutus  
That's when I am reborn  
From out behind my buckling flesh  
A surface free of scorn

A crooked trunk to hoist you high  
Where you're meant to be  
Up amongst the lofty set  
Far, far, far, away from me



## Cosmina

She shows up inspired  
climbs to the high heavens  
Bids you an almost farewell

Seizes when you suck her  
cookie of melted butter  
Juiced orange is the sound that it makes

At times a spunk guzzler  
Recognized as a hustler  
Not for everyone's taste

2 STIs  
50+ guys  
Moleskin lines her palms and thighs

She's always there for you  
with nothing better to do  
The blind spot you wish to see through





## Johns (My Baptism By Fire)

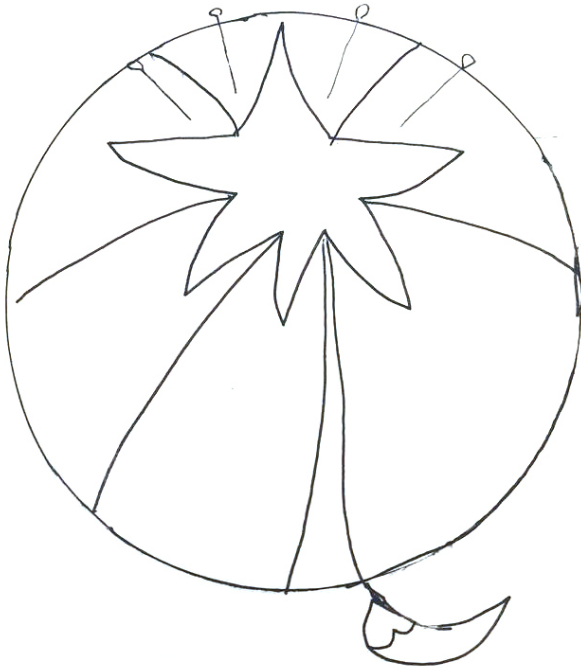
He shows up conceited  
So pleased to be greeted  
With taint that pleads to be pried

Presents you his prize:  
Those illustrious vibes  
Along with a shaft that's equestrian-sized

Pincushion balls  
Fun dumps that aren't small  
And land on the back of your thighs

Why does he do it?  
Put ~his person~ through shit?  
Make out his flavour then spit out or spew it

His weasely ways  
Purges in spades  
Dig him a trench, he'll blow through it



## Dream, Vision (Look Within)

What does it mean  
to be swallowed  
by a swan?

Rubber duckbill  
My soul is set to  
Pacific Standard Time

Where do you release your guilt?

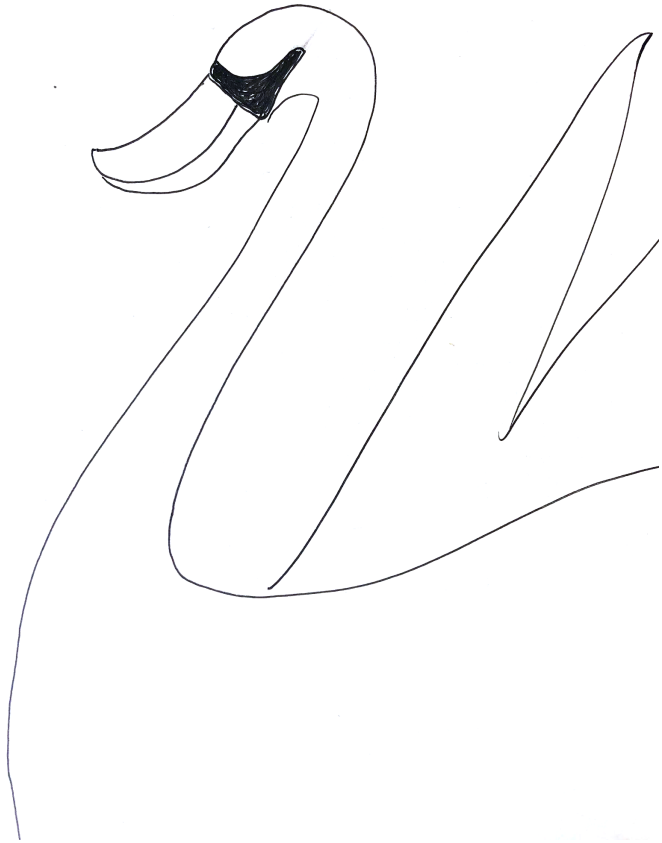
What does my depression smell like?

So many clean slates

NOVEMBER FIRST  
DON'T STOP  
SMELLING THOSE ROSES  
FIRST THING IN THE MORNING

What's my type?  
People who just want to be left alone

Heartsick flow of verse it was  
being aware of the other person's needs



## Hard Out

A dud scud  
No mission  
Missile  
Cut the noise  
Turned up tunes  
Turnip mash  
Dreary to be halved  
A portion pureed  
Grits & guts & gravy  
Honey-ham faced  
Memories of who  
we said we'd be  
Just unsaid things  
left to fester  
That's who

*And you?*

And you?



# Refresh (Cleaning Day)

I

windex

wash

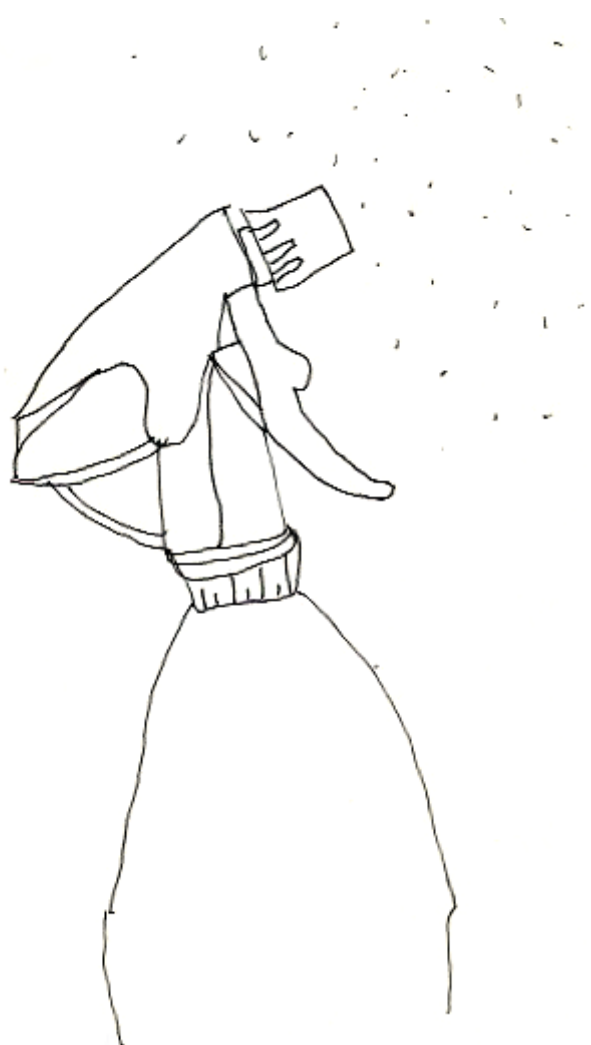
away a

winter's

worth of

worry



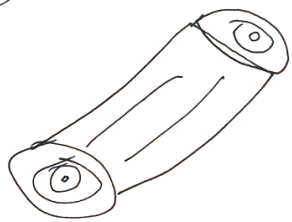
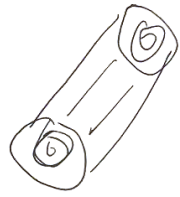
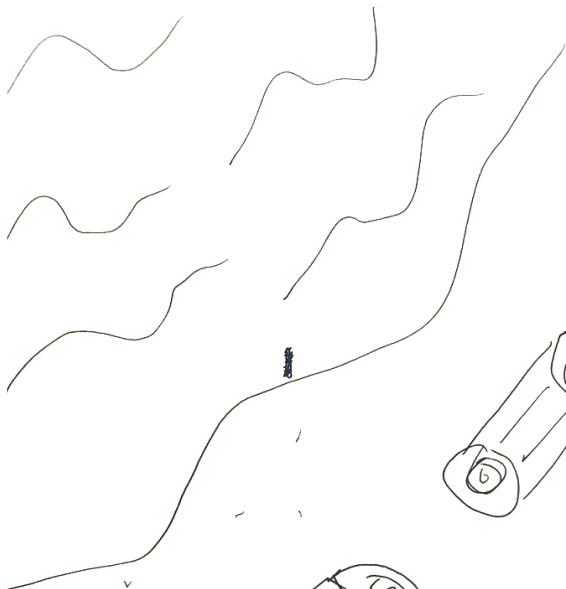


## Shamantra (Sunset Beach)

Where my twig of twine was set free

Where my love for you was let go

Where does it go?



## T ex tile

They're cut from the same cloth  
Not meant to be sewn together

